

'Great Expectations'



The hot summer breezes are gradually being replaced by cool Autumn winds which will soon be swirling around the newly fallen leaves which will have been transformed from the startling green of spring and summer to the rustic shades of red, brown, and heathertones which signify the coming of a new season.

The beginning of Fall is itself a renaissance of optimism. New lines of products are introduced, ranging from automobiles to blue suede shoes. Adding to the economic stimulus are the reaping of golden harvests. The spectacle of sport reaches its peak in this season as it features many events from the world series of baseball to

prestigious tennis matches to collegiate and pro football and soccer and to the opening of ice hockey and basketball camps.

However, the one great American happening that supercedes all of the above mentioned events, is the traditional tolling of school bells which clearly signal the much awaited and/or feared openings of the academic institutions. In our case it means the start of the Fall semester at Avila College.

The semester has barely gotten under way at Avila College and already many activities are in full swing. The Student Steering Committee, under the leadership of Tom Gill, and the Program Board, headed by John Rasiej, are putting together a slate of events that should be appealing to the entire Avila Student Body.

Another area which should generate tremendous interest and participation is the formation of the Avila College Press which will be putting out the Avila Student Newspaper.

The Student Newspaper at Avila College is of paramount importance to every student, professor, and administrative staff member.

The importance of the Avila Newspaper is magnified when one realizes that it is the only complete campus wide source of information in addition to being the only campus-wide vehicle

of communication.

Over the past few years the student newspaper has had many obstacles and has been hampered by lack of personnel and resources. Thus, it was at times not quite what it should be. But, despite the shortcomings, it was published, which under those circumstances was a feat in itself and the editors of the past two years should be given credit for their fine efforts. However, the 1973-74 Avila College Newspaper is an entirely new scene. We the staff of Avila Newspaper are privileged once again this year to be advised by Mrs. Fairchild, an Instructor in English and Journalism.

Leadership comes from the top and one of the reasons that Avila will have such a outstanding publication is our new dynamic Editor-in Chief Diana Mange, who under this year's new format will be very well supported by the Business Manager, Mary Jo Westermier. The Departmental Editors are: Feature Editor-Chris Liberty; Co-Editors of Student Life-John Lenhart, Janine Furst; Fine Art Editor-Loretta Cackler; and Creative Arts Editor-Christine Wilson. The Administrative Assistant and Correspondant is Tim Shea. As well as an enthusiastic staff of fifteen members consisting of writers, typists, reporters, advertisement personnel and moral supporters.

Avila College is indeed fortunate to have such a deep and talented staff which is the main ingredient in publishing a well-rounded newspaper of such high caliber.

There will be many new innovations incorporated into the *Avila Free Fall* and we have as a staff committed ourselves to follow through on these ideas which include for the first time a regular publication date which will be exactly every two weeks. In this year in which everything is being rationed, reduced or eliminated it is most refreshing to announce the fact that Avila's newspaper will be increased 50% in actual size. This was done in order to expand coverage and add features to make this a well-rounded publication indicative of the Avila College.

A newspaper is only as good as its constituency. You!!! each and every student, staff, faculty, and administrative member dictate our every move for without you and your support we could not exist. Remember that, we are not an elitist group writing for ourselves but rather we are writing for the entire College and welcome your comments, advice, and support.

by Chris Liberty

of Fun?"

Reply: "This whole week's been a World's of Fun!" Sue Coslet on Orientation Week

"Communications Workshop of last spring has brought this campus to blossom." Lucie McCallum to Dr. Louis.

"Thank you." John Rasiej to Colorado Ginsberg

"Male Liberation!" Mark Spano

"I'm really pleased with the turnout at the dance. It looks like we'll have more." Grace Forbes.

"I heard there was a lotta' people, but not many dancers." Arnie.

"Commuting is an advantage." Kathleen McGranaghan.

"Leadon servitors make for duller delay." William Shakespeare.

"Who says letters don't mean anything?" Ask Lin Staten about "Communications Workshop!" Colorado Ginsberg.

"Why does my mother send me soggy cookies?" Jill Brandenburger.

.....
"Joan Baez says 'Come from the Shadows', St. Paul says to become a new creature, and Barbara Streisand says "stop the world, I want to get off."

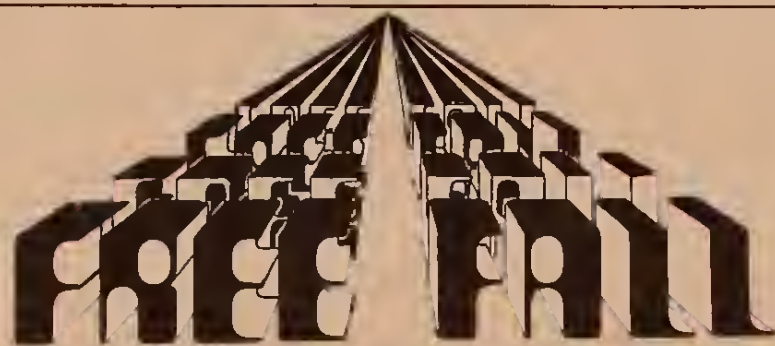
Two years ago I happened upon A.U. by accident. Since then, I've had many. Finally, something has happened which wasn't by accident and I'm at peace.

I say "Welcome to Avila." I'm in room 120. I'm also in the theatre. Drop in any time!

Chicago says "Does anybody really care? ..."

Jeanette "Colorado" Ginsberg

Need we say more???



September 21, 1973

Issue No. 1

Volume No. 4

A Student Publication of Avila College

Our Gang

Interested in finding out what your Student Government is doing? First, a brief statement on the organization of the government. The main working committee is the student steering committee with each member acting as chairperson for his special area. SSC consists of thirteen people: Tom Gill, Chairman; Patty Fitzsimmons, Financial Coordinator; John Carver, Coordinator of Academic Affairs; Marian Kelly, Coordinator of Clubs and Organizations; Cheryl Tomek, Coordinator of Resident Affairs; Reed Ludwick, Coordinator of Commuter Affairs; John Rasiej, Chairman of Program Board; Diana Mange, Coordinator of Communications; Anita Fenske, Secretary; and four class representatives (to be elected within the next few weeks).

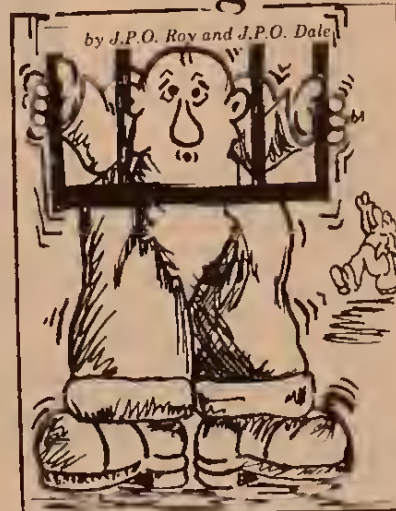
The student steering committee began the school year with a Leadership Conference during which we discussed many topics including our priorities and a few of our policies. Each member of SSC expressed his immediate goal in his own particular area. Some of the priorities that have been established are: to publish a Financial Statement on a monthly basis, to establish and revitalize the clubs and organizations on campus, to establish communications on the academic level between students and the professional people of Avila, to set up a working Student Government Office and keep-up communications within the Government, to make the *Free Fall* a communications vehicle for the students of Avila and outside the campus (KCRCHE and other Student Governments), to provide a social calendar that reflects the wants and needs of the students, and most important to make the Student Government a viable organization.

Projects that the Student Steering Committee has taken on this year as of

date are: establishing a Constitution, renting refrigerators to resident students, making Identification Cards and establishing a Book Co-op. Future plans include compiling a Student Directory and if feasible, setting up a central bulletin board.

The Student Government Association Office is located across from Room 700. The regular weekly meeting date has not been set but notices of meetings are posted on the main bulletin boards as are the minutes of the meetings. This year SSC is requiring all items to be submitted to the secretary

Rattling Cages



New Year Vibes Say: Exhilarate, Participate, Communicate, Relate! We'll have a basketball team at Avila! How about a place to practice? Interested in a Karate Class? See B. Reed Ludwick
First floor Carondelet says "Down with the partition!"
Is John Rasiej really Rudolf Valentino?

three days ahead of the scheduled meeting. The agendas are then made public. All announced meetings of SSC are open to the Student Body.

SSC is the *Students' Government* and it is making decisions as the Student Body's representatives. Responsibility must be shared both by the individual members of SSC and each student of Avila College. To make this school year successful, Student Government must be a joint venture of all the students.

Commuters do not like Night Classes

The bookstore is a ripoff!

Residents have the "Szabo blue."

Commuters have the "Parking lot blues".

Where have you gone Joe Dimaggio, Don Carney, Albert Hansen, Vernon Hancock, Mick Walsch?

Must we stand in line all Sunday afternoon for a bologna sandwich?

"It's great to be back at Avila," Mike LaGue.

"Student Government, R.A.'s and staff have been outta' sight?"

Marian Kelly.

"I'm just flippin' out on people this year". Mary Beth Bazin

"Sometimes you have to go a long ways to travel a short distance, like from the kitchen to my room!!!" John Lenhart in reference to the first floor partition.

"There must be something done about registration processes.

Perhaps if we only paid money on one day and filled class cards on another." Sharon Exposito.

"We oughta' film Avila for a soap opera!" Pam Hobart

Have you seen Boh Rehder?" Mrs. Dougherty to Grace Forbes.

"Residents and 'day hops' have to get it together." Giano Mange.

"I'd attend activities of the campus if my classes weren't at night." Steve Farris.

Question: "Is anyone going to World's

"Louis I" in Fine Arts

by Mark K. Spano

The position of chairman of the Fine Arts Department is now being held by a new member of the Avila faculty, Dr. William Louis. Dr. Louis came to Avila from Western New Mexico University where he held the title of Drama director. Dr. Louis has also served on the staff of University of British Columbia in Vancouver and LeMoyne College in Syracuse, N. Y. He received two degrees from Boston College, a Bachelor of Arts and a Masters in Comparative Dramatic Literature. Dr. Louis's doctoral work was done at Stanford University in the area of speech, theatre, and the humanities. This degree is designed specifically for collegiate teaching. While at Stanford Dr. Louis worked under the Dean of Students office as director of graduate men's residence.

When asked why he accepted the position at Avila, Dr. Louis said that chairmanship of a Fine Arts Department as opposed to only a theatre department was an upper most attraction. The idea of cooperation amongst the four areas of theater, music, art, and dance would allow him to work in more intimate touch with sister arts. Time permitting, Dr. Louis wishes to cultivate his interests in dance and possibly complete a once started Masters in Art.

The primary reason Dr. Louis chose to accept the position at Avila was Avila's commitment to professionally orientated theatrical program as evidenced by the new theatre and the growing number of students in the department. The aspects of a metropolitan area offering professional opportunities for graduating seniors and the enthusiasms and support of the school itself for the arts added to the spirit of professionalism at Avila.

Dr. Louis finds professional betterment to be key in artistic training. He considers his obligation as chairman of the Fine Arts Dept. to help all artistic departments to operate in their particular sphere and with each other to give the best possible training enabling students to cope with various situations they will encounter if they choose to enter a professional field.



Dr. William Louis

Dr. Louis emphasized the importance of Avila's position as a cultural influence in Kansas City and his hope of expanding that to a nation wide influence. He feels that the products of the Fine Arts Department should not only be a learning experience for students but a cultural experience for the community. To that end the Fall production in theatre this first semester will be Paul Zindel's Pulitzer Prize winning play "The Effect of Gamma Rays on the Man in the Moon Marigolds". A second production is also planned for the first semester.

For Spring, Dr. Louis plans joint productions or representative productions from each department to run in repertory in the new theatre. Hopefully the new theatre will be opened for these productions by March 15. It will be one of the finest equipped theatres in the Kansas City area.

Dr. Louis sees the new theatre as a boon to Avila and the community. He expressed profound gratitude to benefactors and all those interested in Avila and looks forward to an exciting future at Avila as a cooperating institution in Kansas City.

what's goin' on . . .

Program Board Members:

Mary Beth Bazin
Lori Cackler — Co-ordinator of films
Grace Forbes — Secretary
Nina Furst —
Colorado Ginsburg — Co-ordinator of films
Brenda Harden —
John Lenhart
John Rasiej — Chairman
Bridget Zimmerman

- September 21-23 Nina has busily been preparing a "rough-it" camping trip for these three days. Nothing like a wiener roast, toasted marshmallows and surprises to celebrate the first days of autumn.
- September 21 The staff of this year's Fall Fling is having a joyous get together to celebrate the first paper for the new and better school year. Everyone is invited. Fun in all sizes and shapes!! To be held on campus all day and far into the night.
- September 23 Program Board meeting — 5:30pm in lower Marian. Open to all who wish to come and share their ideas or to those who would just like to come and sit in.
- September 24 Like to let yourself go once in awhile? Come to the Loretto gym from 7:00 to 9:00. Let your body express its inner tensions through the gymnastics facilities.
- September 26 After struggling through the day with studies and teachers let yourself relax in the indoor Red Bridge swimming pool. Hours 7:00 to 9:00.
- September 28 Lori has planned a very suspenseful evening starting with the film "The Birds". Who can say where it might go from there. Bring your bod to the quadrangle at dusk.
- September 29 Surprise!!! Colorado has a coffee house planned to enlighten even the most apathetic student.
- September 30 Another open Program Meeting-7:30 in lower Marian. Come and rap about the activities planned thus far and what you would like to see in future activities.
- October 1 Loretto gym opened for all of the beautiful bods at Avila. Same time as last Monday.
- October 3 So your muscles got a little sore at the gym Monday night? Come and relax them at Red Bridge's heated indoor pool. They'll never forget you for it.

Check it out

The Counseling Department, under the direction of Dr. Elaine Brand, is offering an employment-placement service for interested students. The service operates in conjunction with the Kansas City Regional Council for Higher Education, a consortium of area colleges which share programs and resources. Numerous jobs are available; anyone desiring either full-time or part-time employment should file an application with Dr. Brand (office 713, Carondelet). The jobs vary in type of duties and hours per week. For complete listing of positions, one should consult the bulletin outside room 713.

For those students that loathe the mundane, Diversified Industries, Inc., of Hudson, Ohio, offers a challenging position. An area distributor-salesperson is needed to market a new plastic boomerang. A good return is guaranteed; 20/30% commissions.

Anyone interested should write to:
Mr. Holland
Diversified Industries, Inc.
76 Maple Drive
P.O. Box 1463
Hudson, Ohio 44236

A Kansas City dentist, Dr. Jirovec, desires a part-time female dental assistant. A good opportunity for med-tech and nursing majors, interested persons should call -333-5390.

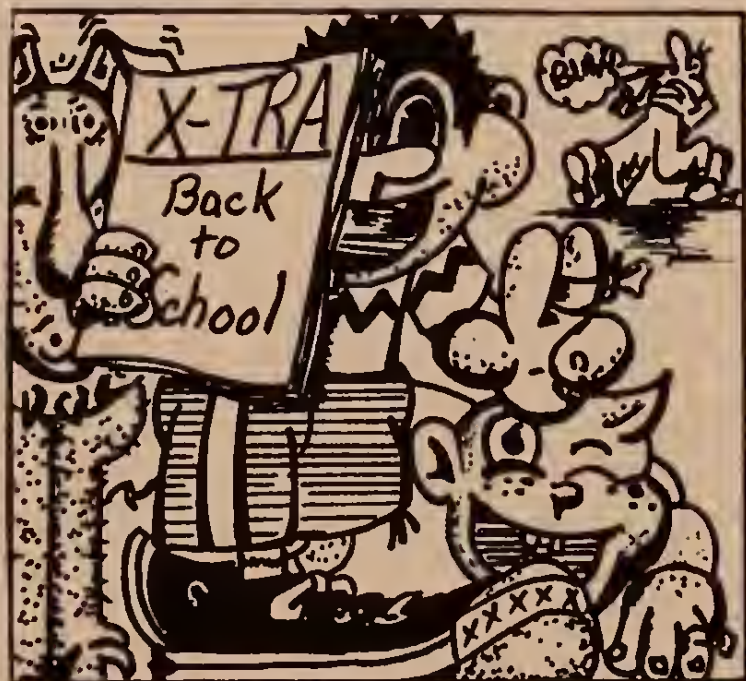
Mr. Barton Blond of 1005 Valentine Road, Kansas City, urges anyone attracted to child-care position to call him at -931-0555. Benefits include; room, board, salary and flexible hours.

The Second Presbyterian Church, 55th and Oak St. has initiated a new program entitled; "Mother's Day Out". This service will provide child-care from 9:30-2:30 one per day each week. Any student with child-care experience can apply for this once-a-week job. Salary will range from \$10.00 to 15.00 for the five hours work.

The Volunteer Action Center coordinates volunteers with metropolitan agencies needing their services. This provides a convenient referral service to students needing an off-campus parttime for a social-science course. The Center's phone number is -421-2565.

*PUMPERNIK'S RESTAURANT, located in the Ranch Mart shopping center, 95th and Mission Road, has part-time Waitress positions open for night shifts. Pumpernik's has an extremely warm atmosphere and, consequently, the tips are excellent. Interested persons should contact Mr. Gold, Debbie, or Marsha at -381-0061.

Peter needs a ride to Avila from the Westport area. Peter has been peddling his bike between Westport and Avila daily, and a ride will be greatly appreciated. Call Peter at -931-9583.



'Lynn

If you could you'd like to run. followed; the and the pure place. The door had thoughts ha home.

Imagine, the forest clearing a community. Thriving in harmonious intricate pattern is the community is the joyous, the When one entire community. When it ra community community you please, the form of community. A none the le exists when reflecting members of honest de fellow men beginning; the key.

Consider varying for munity, it categorize particular certain ch sub-sets ha section w surroundi and the clearing m munity th major su together c "communi within the life — or a of life form member o results in understand then, quit entire co another.

Avila Cupkie, v form of munity. T been esta encounter is as follo

Lynn C important munity se of Psycho the Psycho the Dean which can non-endin

As an i has been he has al is workin room situ for every if the stu portunity disappoi approach theory in head of Lynn st individu with an across to to be th excited, however who wal apprecia come in there.

The Other Side

'Lynn-ed a deer'

by Giana Mange

If you could be an animal, what would you be? Spontaneous reply: "A deer" . . . (Brief pause) . . . "because I like to run." Within the silence that followed; the beginning, the encounter and the purpose of the interview fell into place. The key had been discovered, the door had been opened, and the thoughts had made themselves quite at home.

Imagine, if you will, a forest, within the forest a clearing, within the clearing a community and within the community various forms of life. Thriving individually, and yet quite harmoniously, each form is an intricate part of every other. When one form is threatened, the entire community is threatened. When one form is joyous, the entire community is joyous. When one form is mis-understood, the entire community is mis-understood. When it rains, it rains over the entire community, not over a mere portion. A community then is a unit, or "set" if you please, of all forms of life such that the form of life is a part of the community. Ambiguous, perhaps? Yet, none the less important. A community exists when there is a starting point of reflecting togetherness and the members of the community display an honest desire to understand their fellow members. The community is the beginning; the desire to understand is the key.

Considering the delicacy of the varying forms of life within this community, it is exceedingly difficult to categorize and/or label anyone particular form. There are, no doubt, certain characteristic classes; yet all sub-sets have an ultimate point of intersection which is life. The clearing surrounding the community is vast and the forest encompassing the clearing is deep, yet within the community there exists a union of three major sub-sets of life forms which together constitute the universal set of "community." It has come to pass within the community that one form of life — or a representative of one sub-set of life forms — comes in contact with a member of another set. This encounter results in opening the door to new understanding. The understanding is then, quite logically, shared with the entire community in one way or another.

Avila College proudly salutes Lynn Cupkie, who, for brevity's sake, is a form of life within the Avila Community. The key to the beginning has been established. The door leading to encounter has been opened. The result is as follows:

Lynn Cupkie is an element of great importance within the Universal Community set of Avila. He is an instructor of Psychology, a counselor and head of the Psychology Department, as well as the Dean of Students. Three positions which can and do individually result in non-ending involvement.

As an instructor Lynn feels that he has been able to try some of the things he has always wanted to try because he is working with the students. The classroom situation is a learning experience for everyone involved. Lynn feels that if the students are given the proper opportunity to come through they will not disappoint him. He, therefore, approaches his classes with that theory in mind. As a counselor and head of the Psychology department, Lynn strives to find out what the individual wants; he does not begin with analysis. His desire is to come across to the students. He wants them to be themselves, to be alive, to be excited, to be a challenge. He does not, however, look to "counsel" everyone who walks into his office. He initially appreciates those individuals who come in just because they like to be there.

Lynn's major job at Avila is that of Dean of Students, which he took on toward the end of Spring Semester, 1973. This is not meaning in any way to slight the previously mentioned jobs, for he would not appreciate that. He said, "I owed it to myself to try the position of Dean of Students." Yet on the same breath he stated that he took the position knowing well that he would still be able to counsel and teach.

As Dean of Students it is his responsibility to put together everything outside of class room study, which poses the question; "What kind of learning do we want to take place outside of class?" Activities must support the educational endeavor, therefore he feels that he must, together with his staff, interact with the entire Avila College and provide an atmosphere of constructive education.

Though his administrative skills far exceed the brief description thus put forth, it is with due purpose that we move onward. Too often one becomes bogged down with a technical point of view and, consequently, stifles a creative endeavor. Let us, therefore, probe deeper into thought.

Lynn Cupkie works best under pressure. (A forest fire excites all creatures, especially the deer.) He strives to be creative in his administrative duties and respectfully does his homework . . . whatever that may involve. His major request of any employer is, "Give me the opportunity to fail."

This, quite naturally, results in a challenging attempt to succeed. Lynn maintains no hours, as such, in his endeavors; he stops when the job is done. The most enlightening statement of the interview was, "I like to see things grow," which, in itself, is proof of his devotion toward understanding and unity. He believes that Avila's Staff, Students and Faculty are enough together that there is still allowance for each to be an individual. His hero is responsibility, supported by quality and honesty. The best way to face a situation is head-on. The word "problem" is a "self defeating attitude."

The most impressive thing about Lynn Cupkie is that he seems to always have the other person in mind. He does not try to carry the weight of the world on his shoulders, yet he strives toward understanding and genuine concern. Keeping in mind the vast variation of answers available for the multiple choice question which may be answered in several impressive ways; when asked "who are you?" Lynn Cupkie replied.

"I am me."

And so we have the humble sincerity comparable perhaps to the calm serenity encompassed within the eyes of the deer.

Imagine, if you will, a forest, within the forest a clearing, within the clearing a community, within the community various forms of life. Avila is a community, within it thrives creature of the universe whose sense of unity is overwhelmingly encompassing. In the beginning there is a key which opens the door to an encounter which holds the purpose of understanding. The result is a follow-through of communication expressed daily in the simplest of terms;

"because I like to run."



Mean Dean Machine Rolls On

Lynn Cupkie, Dean of Students, fired up his fellow faculty charges to an UPSET win over the Avila students in volleyball. Lynn got his forces tuned up by beating another faculty squad in a vicious three game struggle while the Carondelet team breezed by Ridgway. Forming the nucleus for the Mean Dean Machine were 7 foot 6 inch Leapin' Lynn Cupkie, 7 foot 4 inch Big Bob Rehder, 7 foot 5 inch Jumpin' Jay Bopp, Ferocious Frank Schuele who stands a mere 6 foot 11 inches, and a host of other faculty members who all towered above the students. Despite the obvious height advantage the Carondelet team valiantly fought back and the efforts of John Lenhart, Reed Ludwick, Chris Liberty, John Rasiej and all the other Carondelet players extended the Faculty Machine into double overtime. However, this game will go into the record-book with an asterisk by it as the Faculty made an illegal substitution by playing a red-shirted transfer.



Golden Greek Sports Spectacular

by Chris "Golden Greek" Liberty

A note of interest from the Golden Greeks' file of current happenings is that Avila College is attempting to field a club basketball team for 1973-74. Avila will need players and support for this undertaking. Any interested

students should contact Dean Cupkie or John Lenhart or Chris Liberty. Already the nucleus has been formed for this endeavor so don't delay in contacting the above mentioned if you wish to participate.

Pedagogics in the Humanities

For the first issue of this feature it seems appropriate to take a look at what we have before we go anywhere else. What we have is a responsibility to the Avila Community itself and to an area of the city that is rather far removed from most of the city's cultural and artistic opportunities. It's a great opportunity and an obligation for Avila to stimulate an appreciation for art, creativity and thought. We're the people who can say "don't wait until the money is made and the ways are found to make life worth living," because it's too late then, and what we end up with is a celebration of mindlessness (and garbage called art.)

It has been said that one of the functions of art is to explain the hate and insanity of the world, but I've begun to think that we've stopped asking for explanations. Finding the answer to a question isn't nearly as important as trying to find it. I think it's our job within our own community, and hopefully within the outside community, to create this desire for new ideas and questions.

There's a lot going against us. There are people who are so afraid of their own thoughts and emotions that they can't stand to have them challenged. There are companies like IBM that can cut the most moments in "A Man For All Seasons" for their commercials and there are television stations that will allow it to happen. We have a chance, let's do it now while we can.

More or less sad are those, finally, who are aware of things beyond questions of daily bread, but who would wish to live without this sadness, deep and still, without which there is no true joy.

Riggs Miffs Ms. Moffit

Bobby Riggs, the 1939 Wimbledon Champ and now the current king of women's tennis, should be able to handle the challenge of Billie Jean Moffit King who is the world's top-ranked female tennis star. However, the flamboyant 56 year-old hustler will not have quite the picnic he had in disposing of Margaret Court. Billie Jean is a much more clever and agile tennis player. While Court relies on her size and strength, King uses a variety of topspins on her shots and is a much better really player. She can cover cross-court ground strokes exceedingly well, thanks to her early association with baseball and her brother Randy Moffit, a pitcher with the San Francisco Giants. Riggs should have enough to take the match in straight sets.

with music by Sister de La Salle McKeon

Contrary to common knowledge on campus — Avila does indeed have a school song. The words are as follows, Sing them with pride:
Raise high the sound a new for Avila
Let our spirit build as a wind to stir and conquer.
May each challenge be fulfilled.
Though we go our ways to follow,
Let us praise in harmony
For the days we've known at Avila
shall stand in memory.

'Man's Humanity to Man'

Impact!

by Christine Wilson

The girl raced through the sugar cane and through a small grove of trees with clusters of little purple flowers. But she gave no thought to the beauty of her surroundings. Instead, she continued to run, reaching a small beach where the waves lapped gently along the sand. She slowed down only long enough to glance behind her. Two men were still chasing her. She kicked off her sandals and then streaked down the beach, with her long light brown hair flying out behind her. When she reached some large rocks along the beach, she stopped behind one of them long enough to catch her breath.

"Oh my God," she thought. "How am I ever going to escape them?" she wondered.

Suddenly a bullet whistled within inches of head. She looked quickly to the left, where a small, pebbly hill rose gently from the beach, and then to the right, where the ocean stretched out for miles and miles. She decided to run farther along the beach. She took off, darting behind gigantic rocks here and there. The two men continued to pursue her.

"I've got to get away from them somehow," she kept telling herself over and over. "But how . . . how . . . how?" the word echoed in her mind.

She noticed that the beach curved up ahead. She raced around the curve and then veered straight left. She ran up a small hill and then laid face down in the long grass. She felt so exhausted, thinking that she just couldn't go on any more. She lay there gasping softly, hoping that they couldn't hear her.

All was quiet. "Where are they?" she wondered. "It's too quiet," she thought. Finally she decided she could risk a slow, quiet peak at the beach behind her. As she slowly moved around, the long grass bent beneath her. Slowly, slowly, she turned around, still lying on her stomach. Finally she was able to look down at the beach. One of the two men was just sitting on a rock below her, staring towards the sea. The other one was walking farther down the beach, searching for her behind all the big rocks.

"Maybe they think I went into the water," she mused. "Perhaps I could temporarily get rid of the one sitting below me." She glanced around her and then found a rather heavy rock that she hoped she could pick up. She wriggled at a snail's pace through the grass, still on her stomach, so as not to attract attention. She looked down at the man below her. He was still staring at the sea. She looked for the other man, but he was quite a distance down the beach now. So, she stood up very slowly, picking up the rock with some difficulty.

Very quietly she descended the small hill. However, when she had the rock poised above her head, ready to throw it at the man a short distance below her, he suddenly turned around. She froze completely. But he was as startled as she was, when he saw her standing there holding a rather large rock above her head. He started to raise his gun at her. Suddenly her movement came back, and she just threw the rock down the hill at him. She didn't wait to see where the rock landed. Instead, she just took off running again.

She ran along the side of the hill for a while. After a short time, she realized that no one was following close on her heels. She stopped and turned around. She saw that her rock had hit its mark, and that the man lay upon the sand. She didn't know whether or not he was dead, but she knew she had to do something, or else be killed herself. Then she glanced down the beach and saw the

other man running towards her. She descended the hill in order to run in the sand, because the pebbly hill was too rough for her bare feet.

She ran around the curve in the beach, and then she saw it. It was a small, dark gaping hole in the hill-side. It was not very promising, but somehow she thought that perhaps it was her only chance to escape. She climbed a little bit up the cliff-like hill and then penetrated into the darkness of the cave. She groped her way through part of the passage in the cave. Finally her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and she could see dimly around her. She continued to follow the passage, wondering if it would lead anywhere. It grew darker and darker the farther she went into the cave.

Finally she decided to just sit down and wait. It was so dark at this point that she thought that anyone could pass within a few feet of her and never even know that she was there. She was very quietly and listened. All she could hear was the roaring of the ocean.

She began to think about what had happened to her in the last several days. Three days ago, she had left San Francisco for a short vacation in Hawaii. She had wanted to get away by herself for a while, because she and her fiancé had just broken up. So, she hopped on a plane and landed in Honolulu several hours later.

After one day on the crowded beach of Waikiki, she decided to go to one of the other small Hawaiian islands for some peace and quiet. She smiled as she remembered going into a travel agency in Honolulu and asking them about small private, deserted isles. They told her about a rather small island that had only a tiny village on one end of the island. The rest was covered with sand and sugar cane. So, she rented a boat and some camping equipment, and then set off in her boat, with a map and a compass to guide her.

"Wow! she thought. "To think that I wanted to get away from people just two days ago, and now I wish there were millions of people everywhere!" She listened for footsteps in the darkness, but didn't hear any. She went back to thinking about how nice and peaceful it had been yesterday, just lying in the sun on the beach or taking a dip in the water every now and then.

"But today had been different," she thought. This morning, which now seemed so long ago, she had decided to take a walk along the beach and explore a little. She remembered rounding a curve on the beach and then stopping dead in her tracks. Ahead of her were two men bringing some kind of odd-looking equipment upon the beach from a small boat. But the thing that really startled her was the tiny submarine that lay just off the shore a short ways. She had never before seen a submarine other than in pictures or on TV. But here was a real live sub sitting out there in the water! It was such a small sub, that she wondered whether or not just these two men on the beach could handle it themselves. Then she noticed some lettering on the side of the submarine. It looked like Chinese or Japanese. She looked again at the two men, wondering why they were setting up some equipment on what was supposed to be a deserted part of the island. They had black hair, slanted eyes and Oriental faces. Suddenly, she had a terrible fear that if they saw her she would be in danger.

But it was too late, because one of them had just caught sight of her. He shouted some funny-sounding syllables to his partner and started running towards her with a gun in his hand. That was when she had started running. However, she had soon crossed the island, running through field after field of sugar cane and then through the small grove of trees with the purple flowers, before reaching the beach on this side of the island.

"Wow!" she thought. "I bet I've really stumbled onto something big! The problem is that I don't really know what it's all about. But if those two men

are from Red China, they must be setting up something so secret that they don't want me alive to tell anyone about it."

She yawned, suddenly realizing how tired she was. "Well, I might as well rest a bit, since I don't want to leave here for a while," she thought. She slouched down, leaning her head back against the wall of the passage, and was soon fast asleep.

She woke up a few hours later, feeling stiff and sore. She got up and stretched. "Well, I guess I'll peek out the cave opening and see if that terrible man is still out there," she decided.

She cautiously made her way down the passage. She could feel a little breeze blowing in, as she neared the cave opening. "Does that ever feel good!" she thought.

Then, before realizing it, she stepped outside the cave. Night had fallen, and the moon was hiding behind some clouds. It was so dark, that she could hardly see around her. She decided to take advantage of the darkness. She scampered off in the direction of her camping equipment.

A few minutes later the moon reappeared, and she could see the landscape quite easily. She looked everywhere around her but saw no sight of anyone. "Well, I hope he's gone!" she thought, as she continued on her way. "I think I'd better go into the little village on the other end of the island, and tell the police about what happened out here today."

As she walked through the sugar cane, she was still puzzling over what kind of equipment those two men were bringing to the beach. Suddenly she saw an intensely bright flash of light coming from the direction where their equipment must have been sitting upon the beach. Her eyes automatically followed the bright light as it rose higher and higher in the sky. Without warning the object behind the blazing light collided with something else. A big explosion occurred, and everything fell earthwards and into the ocean.

"Oh my God!" she exclaimed. "That must have hit the two U. S. astronauts who are . . . who were . . . orbiting the Earth!" Then she sat down and started crying, wondering how she could have possibly saved them.

Meanwhile, the Orinetal man hurriedly got in his boat and sped off towards the submarine, feeling very smug with himself. "Mission accomplished," he thought in Chinese, as he climbed aboard the sub. "But it's too bad I lost my partner." A short time later, the sub disappeared below the surface of the water and was out of sight.

Little did the girl sobbing on the beach or the Orinetal man in the sub realize that the two U. S. astronauts were in fact flying over Red China at that very moment. . . but the three little Martians in the long, silver spaceship never knew what hit them.

Exchange of Goods

by B. Reed Ludwick

(Part 1)

Take from my mind
What is of value to you;
And likewise,
I shall of your mind
Take what is of value to me.
From this exchange,
Hope is we will grow and prosper:

The richest and wisest
Will be the one.
Who can use what he took.
I am a book,
Read me for my worth:
Use my knowledge for gain,
I am a book.
All books are of value,
Large or small they are valuable:
The human race
Is the largest library of all,
Get your card and heed the call.
Grab the world,
And from it, learn,
And teach others what you have acquired.

(Part 2)

From reciprocal giving
Let us both grow and prosper.
The richer, the wiser
Will be the ones
Who can use what they took.
It matters not how large or small.
The cover, tattered or torn,
A book still has value.
The wiser goes past the cover,
To look at the book's intrinsic worth.
Now that's not to say,
That the surface is dry,
Or the preface empty;
Just that there's more blue to the sky,
Than meets one's eye.

For Real Prelude on Black

by Josephus

On Being Blk

On being Black
Is on being Bad
On being Bad
Is on being Boss
On being Boss
Is on being Bold
On being Bold
Is on being Beautiful
On being Beautiful
Is on being Best
And on being Best
Has got to be better.

In hope that they'll soon understand us.

Black Sketches

i
stand here
not for myself
and not for my people
they tell me i'm wrong
but cannot explain to what's better
so
i
stand here
not puzzled
not confused
they ask me to sit
i ask why
they answer "cause"
so
i'm still standing
not tired
not afraid
"Why should i be?"
i asked them
they had an answer
"Because we are."
"Oh", i said
and
i sat

B is for the backaches after a hard day
in the field.
L is for the lack of respect given to us
for so many years.
A is for Almighty God who helped us
thru it all.
C is for those who cared Black, White,
big or small.
K is for the knowledge that we now
stand to gain.
BLACK is trying to forgive a still existing pain.

i can see their faces
i feel their presence
i want to care
really care about them
but they won't let me
because i'm different

it isn't easy to b me
but i'd rather

L' Evasion

French, anyone? This is a short story that I wrote for Advanced Composition class last spring. However, if you cannot read it, I am sure that you can find someone around campus to read it to you.

Christine Wilson

Mon mari et moi avons décidé d'aller voir mes cousins qui habitent à Fargo, North Dakota. Donc, nous avons quitté Kansas City très tôt un jour avec notre petite fille Julie. Après avoir conduit un jour et demi, nous sommes arrivés à North Dakota. Nous nous approchions d'un petit village, qui s'appelle Broken Neck, quand nous avons vu une très grande branche que l'on avait mise à travers la route. Nous nous sommes arrêtés, et puis nous sommes descendus de voiture pour déplacer la branche.

Tout à coup, des Indiens avec des carabines se sont approchés de nous. Ils nous ont dit qu'ils avaient mis la branche sur la route pour arrêter tout le monde, parce qu'ils venaient de déclarer la guerre contre les blancs. Ensuite, ils nous ont emmenés à une maison de campagne qu'ils avaient saisie. Nous ne pouvions pas la quitter, parce qu'il y avait des Indiens qui étaient de garde dehors. Nous voulions nous échapper, mais c'était impossible.

Un peu plus tard, Julie a couru vers nous, et elle est tombée sur une petite couverture sur le plancher. La couverture s'est déplacée, et nous pouvions voir une petite porte dans le plancher. Bien entendu, nous l'avons ouverte et nous sommes descendus en bas.

Il y avait des lanternes avec des allumettes au fond de l'échelle de corde. Mon mari a allumé une lanterne, et nous pouvions voir un passage souterrain. Naturellement, nous l'avons suivi, parce que nous voulions nous échapper. Bientôt nous sommes arrivés à une caverne. Nous avons remarqué que l'on y avait mis bien des provisions.

Ensuite, nous avons vu un autre passage souterrain. Nous avons décidé de le suivre, parce que nous avions peur que les Indiens nous trouvent dans la caverne. Donc, nous avons emporté des provisions, et puis nous avons suivi le nouveau passage. Bientôt nous sommes arrivés à un fleuve souterrain. Il y avait un petit bateau sur le bord. Clairement, on avait préparé un parcours d'évasion. Alors, nous sommes montés dans le bateau, et nous avons commencé à flotter en aval.

Après plusieurs jours, nous avons enfin vu une petite lumière dans le lointain. Quand nous l'avons atteinte, nous avons ramé le bateau au bord de fleuve, et nous avons débarqué. La lumière venait d'un trou dans le plafond de boue. C'était la lumière du jour! Alors, nous avons grimpé à travers le trou. J'ai regardé autour de moi, et puis j'ai vu notre maison à Kansas City! Alors, je me suis retournée, parce que j'ai entendu mon mari qui m'appelait.

Mon mari m'a dit, "Reveille-toi! Tu ne veux pas être en retard à ta classe de précis de grammaire de huit heures!"

Sister Germaine Matter, Chairman of the French Department, will chair a meeting of all French teachers in the KCRCHE Consortium in the Alumni Lounge, Saturday, September 29, 1973, from 2:00 to 4:30. The purpose of the meeting is to discuss programs and activities that would bring about better cooperation between the colleges.

Planners Plans

Avila College offers its students various clubs and organizations from which to choose.

A few of the clubs are: The Student Nursing Association, The Council for Exceptional Children, International Relations Club, Missions Club, Social Work Club, French Club, Psychology Club, and Student Art League.

These clubs are here for you to become a part of. If you desire any information on any of these clubs feel free to go to the Student Steering Committee room and we will try to help you.

It is one thing to achieve academically, but these clubs and organizations open you to the community that is so vital for your future. Please feel free to ask any questions at any time.

THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERT

PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEM

IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR ADVERTISEMENTS TH

ADVERTISEMENTS THIS P

VERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE

ISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS

MENTS THIS PAGE IS FO

TS THIS PAGE IS FOR A

THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVER

PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEM

IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR ADVERTISEMENTS TH

ADVERTISEMENTS THIS P

VERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE

ISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS

ENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR

THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVER

PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEM

IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR ADVERTISEMENTS TH

ADVERTISEMENTS THIS P

VERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE

TEMENTS THIS PAGE IS

EMENTS THIS PAGE IS FO

ENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR

THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVER

PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEM

IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR ADVERTISEMENTS TH

ADVERTISEMENTS THIS P

VERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE

ISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS

MENTS THIS PAGE IS FO

TS THIS PAGE IS FOR A

THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVER

PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEM

IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR ADVERTISEMENTS TH

ADVERTISEMENTS THIS P

VERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE

ISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS

MENTS THIS PAGE IS FO

TS THIS PAGE IS FOR A

ISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS

THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVER

THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE 1

THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FO

AGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVE

IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTI

OR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEME

ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

VERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS T

ISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS

EMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS P

PS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE 1

THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FO

AGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVE

IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTI

FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEME

ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

VERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS T

IS

AGE

IS

FOR

AD

VER

RTIS

SEME

IS

THIS

AGE

IS

FOR

ADV

VERT

ISE

EMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

**Coming
next
issue
Oct.
5th**

PAG

IS

FOR

AL

VER

TIS

EMI

NTS

THI

PAC

IS

FOR

ADV

ERT

ISI

MEN

PS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS

THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR

ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVE

VERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTI

ISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEME

MENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS

TS THIS PAGE IS FOR A

THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERT

ISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PA

IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS 'S THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE I

FOR ADVERTISEMENTS TH

ADVERTISEMENTS THIS P

VERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE

ISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS

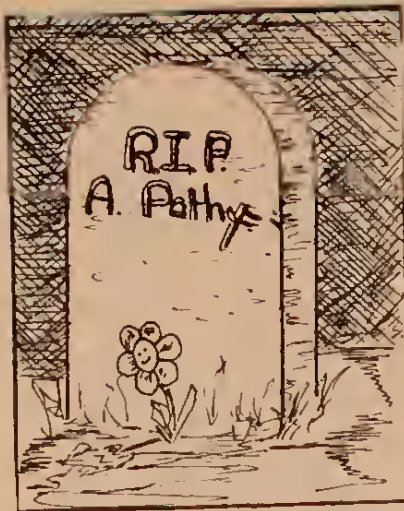
MENTS THIS PAGE IS FO

TS THIS PAGE IS FOR A

ISEMENTS THIS PAGE IS

THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVER

IS THIS PAGE IS FOR ADVERTISEMENTS THIS PAGE T



The Quick Brown Fox

"So we're back. Now What?"

Surrounded by speaking
stones
tied to me
talking to me
melting to lava
as large lumps
remain floating
smokily at the ends
of ropes

by Mark Spano

"The opinions expressed in the "FREE FALL" are not those of the college, and indeed may not be those of the editors or the editorial board either, but only those of the named author of the article."

Having been taught in high school English class as well as in various Speech Communications workshops that the best way to begin a public dissertation is with a quote, I shall "start here" to "reflect" upon the "togetherness" of the orientation endeavor. The most quotable quote of the past month, if I remember correctly, went something like this: "O.K. So we're back. Now what?"

Upon hearing this familiar phrase reverberate through-out the campus, my initial reaction was one of "unconditional positive regard". Allow me now, if you will, to attempt an explanation.

Since classes began seventeen days ago, I have become accustomed to wandering about the campus in a state not far from oblivion, hoping that when things take their course they will eventually fall in place. I have attempted, upon occasion, to apply a philosophical approach to pending problems. This, however, invariably proved futile. I have examined my state of awareness and at the same time questioned my own stability. I have watched myself grow out of myself, then seek refuge, once again, within my own being. It is not at all easy to transform one's timeless self into a scholastic scheduled self in a matter of a few days. Keeping this in mind, I quite naturally blamed my frustration upon the 'structure'.

There are simply too many things to take care of, so if I do not seem interested in you personally, you will just have to understand. How many times has this thought raced across my mind? How many times have I seen it transmitted from others? Within the course of a few days I have witnessed dying friendships and increasing alienation. I suppose it happens every year, and it is nothing to become upset over. After all, I still have my intimate group of friends . . . and you still have yours. Besides, I'm tired. Take that for what you want. Who really cares?

All this talk about community and togetherness . . . what does it all mean, anyway? Who are these idealistic fools who seem convinced that it never rains over Avila? Or do they disappear before the weekend rolls around? We have no famous Jewish movie star voluntarily sponsoring a telethon in search for a cure of the apathy epidemic. A brief moment of reflection brings to mind last year's fatalities. The symptoms are easily defined: frustration, loneliness, a feeling of disunity, and the inherent desire to communicate. It is, by all means, contagious!

Completely forgetting my original desire and responsibility of communication, one afternoon I deliberately isolated myself from the familiar faces of daily existence and escaped, temporarily, into the outskirts of reality. It was there that I reviewed the absurdity of life as I know it.

Quietly I recalled my big step from high school into college and yet, within the same thought, questioned the actual size of past frustrations. I reexamined my initial impression of 'College Life'. I was scared, quite frankly; I was scared and alone. I remembered the anticipation of walking into a college classroom situation. I remembered the desire to 'fit in' with the life style exhibited before me. I remembered the need to belong to something: a group, a department, an ideal. In the thought which followed I recalled the terrible feeling of isolation that encompassed me, and the face of a fellow student which seemed to depict similar anxiety. Neither of us spoke. I was enthused and willing at that time, yet unaware of where I could exert my energies. I consequently let my enthusiasm dwindle and I sank into the blase daily existence. I had the symptoms. How long would it be before the disease set in?

That was last year, but why should this year be any different? Nearly overcome by a feeling of disunity, I happened to recall Welcome Week, 1973. Under the direction of Dr. Elaine Brand, this year's Orientation was one which will never be forgotten. It was indeed a week of scheduled activities and yet one which allowed time for exploration. I cannot help but recall at this time the orientation program of last year — if there was one. The only activity I got in on as an incoming freshman lasted approxi-

mately 30 minutes and left me quite confused as to its primary purpose. This is not intended to condemn the efforts of last year's devotees; it is simply stating an example of the lack of awareness I experienced at that time. I had no idea what was in store for me and it seemed that no one else did either. The 'symptoms' were thus re-embedded within my whole person.

Upon recalling this terrible frustration and confusion, I quietly withdrew deeper into myself and re-established firmly, within my mind, the haunting question, "Who really cares?" On the verge of explosion I happened to glance up in time to catch a glimpse of . . . what is her name? Tennessee? New York? One of the Fifty anyway, walking across the grass with such a sense of urgency in her eyes that I was impelled to pause in reflection.

What a week that Orientation was! The Polka Contest, involving faculty, parents, and students was indeed a sight for sore . . . muscles. How about the Communications Workshops where dormant talents were brought to life? We must not forget the Pancake Breakfast served by "singing waiters". Then, of course there were the excursions to the zoo (to watch birds), to the art gallery, and, in fact to the major points of interest in Kansas City. Remember the W.C. Fields Flicks and the taffy pulling contest? How about the handwriting analysis and the picnic in the grove (or the groovy student union)? Registration was a time for many of us to establish . . . and re-establish . . . and re-establish new friendships. Needless to say Welcome Week was exciting, encompassing and involving. We played together, we sang together, and we enjoyed being together. We existed in harmony and peace. We owe this experience to the organization of Dr. Brand who spent countless hours devising, planning, and perfecting a new idea, a new approach to the beginning of a new way of thinking.

But what happened to Apathy? Perhaps the dynamic Doctor has found a cure. And why not? After all, anything is possible.

"O.K. So we're back. Now what?"

This is the only absurdity left to explain. Realizing, of course, That it is extremely easy to fall into the Apathy trap, I write now in hope for the renaissance of excitement. We proved that Avila has the capacity for involvement. I.E. There is a light at the end of the tunnel (or a bookstore). Now what? We continue to grow together, and put Apathy respectfully in its place.

Giana Mange

Staff

Editor in chief — Giana Mange
Faculty Advisor — Mary Ann Fairchild
Administrative Assistant & Correspondent — Tim Shea
Editors of Student Life — J.P.O. Roy
J.P.O. Dale
Editor of Fine Arts — Lori Cackler
Nanette Mosley
Feature Editor — Chris Liberty
Mark Spano
Editor of Creative Arts — Christine Wilson
Karyn Robinson
Art Editor & Masthead Creator — Reed Ludwick
Titling — George J. Thomas
Artists — Debi Diaz
Terry House
Photography — Mark Spano
Reed Ludwick
Advertisement Agency — Mary Jo Westermier
Reed Ludwick
Nin Furst
John Lenhart
Debi Diaz
Brenda Floyd
Reporters — "Hyper"
Anita Fenske
Marian Kelly
George J. Thomas
Layout Staff — Grace Forbes
Giana Mange
Nanette Mosley
Reed Ludwick
Tim Shea
Mark Spano
Darryl McDermott
Typists — Grace Forbes
Mary Ann Ruether
Brenda Floyd
Proofreaders — Grace Forbes
Rosemarie Fauman
Marcia Riches

A. V. Tilling.

